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Wm Bronscombe

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The Man With Two Chapters

('Quill,' in the 'Australian Christian World.')

The hospital of a large mining town in Queensland was crowded with patients. An epidemic of pneumonia had helped to fill every bed in one of the large wards—and many a strong man had fallen into his last long sleep. Several were still lingering between life and death. The distressful looks, the hard short breathing, the tight coughs of the patients filled one with sadness, as he passed from bed to bed. The nurses were moving with quick light steps on their mission of helpfulness. A fagged look was on their faces, for of late their services had been much in demand, and longer hours than usual had fallen to their lot. Less serious cases had of necessity less of their attention than formerly. And some of these patients were perhaps a little inclined to murmur. Passing from the ward on the verandah which overlooked a portion of the city, I found several canvas chairs and couches occupied by patients who were convalescent or those whose strong will kept them out of bed. On one of these couches lay a man who could have been but the mere shadow of his former self. Some fell-disease, that was baffling the good doctor's skill, was slowly but surely consuming the man. The face of this patient was full of distress, and a lonely soul looked out of his dim and sunken eyes. 'You don't seem very well to-day,' I said. 'No, sir, I am daily growing worse.' As he spoke he showed me a limb from which the flesh had wasted, leaving but skin and bone.

'I was weighed this week, and I am under six stone now,' and with a sigh he said—'I've been a strong man in my time, and done a lot of hard work, but it's all over now.'

'Have you a trade?' I asked, wishing to hear a little of his history.'

'Well, I may call myself a cook, for I've done a lot of cooking on stations and sugar plantations in my time.'

'A cook, are you?'

'Yes, sir, and though I say it myself, when I was well, I could cook a meal with any man in the country. But I never made a God of my belly like some.'

'I am glad to hear that—moderation in eating as well as in drinking is a virtue.'

'But you must not think,' he said, 'that I have always been a cook. I have taken a turn at ploughing, or fencing, or painting—anything rather than idleness. Besides, if a man wants to earn a living in Australia he must not mind what kind of work he does.'

'Do you know many people here?' I enquired.

'Very few, sir, I am a lone man. I've had trouble in my day,' he said with a sigh, and he seemed to be looking into the past. 'My wife drank herself to death, although I told her what it would come to; the habit got such a hold of her that she could not stop—Poor creature,' he added, in a tone of tenderness.

I said, 'I am sorry. I thought you looked lonely and troubled. But there is a friend for the lonely—you are just the man Jesus Christ is longing to find and anxious to help. You may find a friend in him.' I saw his lip quiver, and a tear start in his eye. I quoted a passage of Scripture, and he followed me, sometimes anticipating the words. 'I am glad you have some knowledge of the Bible,' I said.

'Yes, sir, I was trained in a Sunday-school in the Old Country, and I still remember some of the things I learnt there.' Here he paused to get breath. 'I once earned ten shillings,' he said, with some degree of pride. 'How did you do it?' I asked.

'Well, it was this way. A gentleman visited the Sunday-school and promised to give the boy, who would learn, and repeat

Story Land.

(Fred, Weatherby.)

Do you remember the time gone by,
When we were children, you and I,
When the day grew dark and the lights were lit,
And all together we loved to sit:
When mother read to us, soft and low,
Tales of the brave days long ago;
And we sat and listened, and held her hand,
As she led us away to story-land?

Do you remember the words she said,
Every night as we stole to bed,
All that she taught us to try to do,
To be gentle and good and pure and true?
Do you remember her soft 'Good-night,'
As she kissed our eyes in the shaded light;
And the last sweet touch of her tender hand,
As we drifted away to slumber-land?

All is altered, the years flow on,
Little mother is dead and gone;
We wander about in the old, old place,
And long for the sight of the loving face.
Mother, speak from the distant shore,
Speak to thy children, speak once more;
Call to us, comfort us, stretch thy hand,
And take us home to the Spirit-land.

without a mistake, the—let me see—the (scratching his head) the—I forget—I could remember it three months ago—for I repeated it all over to myself—this sickness has so upset my memory. It was either the fifth or the third chapter of John.'

'Can you recall any part of the chapter?' I asked.

'Well, it was the chapter where the ruler came to Jesus by night.'

'That is the third chapter of St. John,' I replied. 'Yes, that is the chapter.' I quoted verses from it, and he joined with me in the repetition.

'And I won another prize,' he continued, 'for repeating without a mistake the chapter about the Good Shepherd—I think it is the tenth.'

'Yes,' I said, 'it is the tenth of St. John which tells us of the Good Shepherd who gave his life for the poor lost lonely sheep. And you are one of the lonely ones for whom the Good Shepherd gave his life, are you not?' With deep feeling and tears he said—'Yes.' And I urged him there and then to trust the Good Shepherd. He seemed inclined to tell me more, and I listened interestedly.

'I have had a good many ups and downs during my forty years in Australia. Sometimes I've saved a bit of money, and sometimes I've lost money, but in all my wanderings up and down, I've carried them two chapters with me, and many times I have repeated them over to myself, but I can't recall the words as I used to do.'

Once more I recalled to his memory the story of the Love of God, and bowing over his couch, I whispered a prayer that the Good Shepherd would take to his heart and his fold, this poor lonely sheep. I noticed that my brief prayer was seconded by an 'Amen' from a voice tremulous with emotion. As I left the hospital the sun was well in the West, and the yellow light was gilding many things. As I walked on I reflected on the great work that man had done more than a generation ago, who with his ten shillings' prize had lodged in a human brain an important section of Scripture. The seed may for a time have remained dormant, but it at last yielded fruit, and the Lord of the Harvest, Who does not forget the sowers in his field, no doubt remembered the good deed done by the nameless benefactor, long years ago. 'He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

The Little Boy That Died

(John McCoy, M.D., in 'Religious Telescope.')

The cold winds were whistling around the corner, and the air was full of snow. The weather had been freezing and storming for several days, in Kansas City, and we feared an unusually cold spell. Diphtheria had prevailed in the city for several weeks, and the physicians had been unusually busy. About a block away from me there lived a family of father and three children, and the father's sister. The mother died a year ago, since which time the father's elder sister had kept house for him and looked after the children. The youngest boy was six years old, was fine-looking, and unusually bright. He was the pride of the house, and of the neighborhood.

He frequently rode out with me, and often asked puzzling questions about medicine and sick folks. His mother died when I was out of the city. This he always regretted, for he said that I could have cured her. A few days before the storm commenced this little boy stopped school on account of his health. Sore throat followed and a severe case of diphtheria soon developed. I saw him two or three times every day, several times in consultation. I was greatly troubled, for I loved the little fellow tenderly.

He was growing constantly worse, and I had seen him three times during the day. All day long he had been talking about his mother, and had, again and again, asked for her picture. He asked questions about Heaven and the angels that would have puzzled a bishop. Twice I had to steal away from his bed to dry my tears.

I could not sleep that night, although I very much needed the rest. I listened through the darkness and the storm at every passing footstep, fearing a messenger from 'my little boy,' as I often called him. At two o'clock in the morning, I heard someone coming hurriedly, and, directly, there was a knock at my door. The little boy was growing worse, and wanted to see me. I dressed quickly, and was soon at the little sufferer's side. I saw at a glance that no earthly power could save him, and told the family so. I broke the news as gently as I could, and then withdrew to another room and appealed to Heaven for help. It is easy to pray under such circumstances, and most doctors lift their hearts and thoughts to God at times like this. They cannot help it.

When I returned to the room, the little fellow held my hand, talked about his mother, and looked at her picture. He finally told me that he did not want any more medicine; that he desired to go and be with his mother. He described the sainted woman as faithfully as his father could have done. He spoke of her bright eyes, her dark, wavy hair, the curls on her forehead, her sweet voice, her smiling face, and her beautiful hands. I could see the beautiful woman, as he drew her portrait, moving around in love and faithfulness in her home.

'We let mamma go alone,' he said, in broken accents, 'but I am going to visit her now. Papa and Eddie and Lillie (his elder brother and sister) and Aunt Belle will all come some day. We will be watching for you all. Yes—' Then he had to rest, and one of the sweetest smiles that I have even seen played over his face.

We did what we could for him, and watched and waited. I stayed with the family through the stormy hours of the after part of the night. The winds roared without, the snow drifted along the streets, the storm grew in fury as the dawn approached, but these things did not interest us at this time. I held the dear boy's hand for an hour; he requested me to do so. 'Mother will be here, doctor,' he said; 'you hold my hand till she comes.' I could not refuse his request, and, as silence reigned, I tried the best I could to pray for the dying boy, and for us all.

He turned his face toward the window and saw the light; day was dawning. 'Pretty soon,' he said; and pretty soon, sure enough, he threw up his little hands as if startled, his eyes flashed wide open, his lips parted, and in the little one's last impulsive effort, with surprise and transport in his voice, he exclaimed, 'Yonder comes Mamma;' then folded his arms across his breast and a sweet smile played over his face. I did not need to hold his hand longer; it was all over now.

Pardon me, reader, that my eyes are full of tears, and let me close this paper with a verse:

There are little feet I loved to meet
When the world was sweet to me;
I know they will bound when the rippling sound
Of my boat comes over the sea.
I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand,
Their white arms o'er the tide,
Waiting to twine their hands in mine
When I reach the farther side.

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—The address, 'Post-Office Crusade, 112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.,' causes misapprehension, I find. Postal notes come frequently addressed: 'To the Postmaster,' etc. Quebec Province also is confounded with Quebec City, and orders come addressed to Quebec, a city which is many miles distant. Others use the name Montreal, and put me to great inconvenience and extra car fare.

P.O. orders and postal notes are quite useless unless correctly addressed by sender and signed by receiver.

A married woman making out post-office orders or collecting them must always use her own Christian name or initials, not those of her husband. Canadian postage stamps are always convenient to me to use.

The letter which contained no money, of which I wrote some time ago, was mailed to me open without the money, I found later.

Subscriptions to the little paper, 'Post-Office Crusade,' cannot expect to receive space for acknowledgment in the 'Messenger,' but all other money for 'Witness' publications will be acknowledged.

Please addess in future P.O. orders or letters to

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These amounts are acknowledged with many thanks.

Mrs. J. A. Bryce, Toronto, $2; Mrs. A. McKemmon, Petrel, Man., $2; Mrs. Moffat, Carleton Place, Ont., $1.20; Miss Amanda Hodges, $1.30; A Friend, $1.—M. E. C.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan, but the words 'God is love' ought to contain to every doubting soul the solution of all things.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Man Who Would not Forgive.

(Louise J. Strong, in the 'Western Recorder.')

There was a stir in the congregation like the rustling of leaves when, in response to the preacher's earnest invitation, Robert Clark rose to his feet, thus signifying that he had found the Saviour.

Back by the door there was a sudden, short, mocking laugh, strangely out of place at that solemn moment, and at sound of which Robert squared his shoulders, and stood the straighter, though a dull red crept over his face. It was Anson, of course, and Anson would not believe in his sincerity; it was long since they had believed any good of each other.

The country church was crowded and everyone there knew how matters stood between the Clark boys; a good many of them had taken sides in the fierce quarrel that had arisen over their father's will and division of property. Neither were Christians, and each had for years nourished a bitter feeling of hostility amounting almost to hatred for the other.

Robert thought of it all before he rose, and in the new light that had come to him he felt sorrow and shame over his own conduct as to make him forget for the time the presence of his brother Anson. The short involuntary laugh of scorn stayed Robert's feet when he would have pressed up with the others as a candidate for church membership.

'I cannot, I cannot yet,' he thought, saying over to himself, 'When thou comest to the altar—leave there thy gift and first be reconciled to thy brother.'

His gift was himself, his heart, his love, his service, his life; but first he must be reconciled to his brother. Swiftly as possible he made his way through the throng of friends whose moist eyes and fervent hand clasps told their sympathy, to where his wife stood, her face glowing with joy.

'Mary,' he whispered, pressing the hand she slipped into his, 'Mary, go on with the children, I must see Anson.'

'Yes,' she murmured, understandingly; 'Oh, Robert, I am so glad.'

Anson rarely went to church, but he had heard that Robert was 'interested,' therefore he had gone to see for himself. He was a little ashamed of having drawn attention to himself by laughing out so unexpectedly, and had left immediately. But as he plunged along the road in the darkness the laugh was repeated many times with every degree of scorn and incredulity.

'Rob got religion! Rob become a Christian! As well expect reformation of the devil himself! He leaned on the gate, chuckling derisively. 'Rob the robber! The thief!'

Hark, someone was hurrying down the road after him; was it the boys leaving their mother to drive home alone? The rapid steps halted beside him, a voice cried:

'Anson, brother Anson, I have come to confess my wrong-doing towards you, and ask your forgiveness.'

'Don't "brother" me, you robber! You thief! That is what you are as you well know. I would not demean myself by speaking to you but for the chance of telling you once more what I think of you. You a Christian!'

A few days ago Robert would have replied in kind; now he scarcely noticed the bitter words.

'I am sorry, Anson, for all my unkind words and unbrotherly acts, and they have been many; I ask you to forgive them and forget them. As far as it is possible I will put right that which is wrong between us. Come, let bygones be bygones; forgive me and let us be brothers again,' he held out his hand as he spoke.

Anson stepped back with clenched fist as if to strike the extended hand.

'You whining hypocrite,' he said. 'Forgive you! Never as long as we both live, nor afterwards, if I know myself. Don't think a few soft words will undo all the wrong you have done me—cheating me out of my own all these years. Put right that which is wrong between us, you say; do it—you know how—but even then I will not forgive you—'

'As you hope for forgiveness yourself—' Robert broke in, pleadingly.

'Never!' Anson declared fiercely. 'I will never forgive you—for myself I have no need to ask forgiveness of anyone, my record is clear—that is the reason I will not forgive you—the wrong was all on your part—all the injustice, the lying, the cheating—I wonder you have the face to ask me to forgive you. Be off!' he broke out violently, 'before I am tempted to punish you as you deserve for daring to come to me like this.'

Robert sent him a letter filled with the outpourings of an earnest heart—it was returned to him unopened. His wife ventured a few words of pleading that the breach between the brothers might be healed, and was silenced by such speech as he had never used to her before.

The meetings were growing in interest and Robert made open profession of his faith in the face of Anson's jeering smile, but he could not be persuaded to offer himself for baptism.

'I must first be reconciled to my brother,' was his answer to all urging.

'And if he waits for that he'll wait till the crack of doom,' Anson exulted, 'for I'll never forgive him.'

'But, my friend, no human being has the right to withhold forgiveness. We are all alike in need of God's mercy,' the preacher remonstrated.

'Speak for yourself, parson. I have suffered wrong, not committed it, and such wrong as I will not forgive. Let him make restitution, if he is sincere, not to buy forgiveness of me, for he cannot, but for simple honesty and justice,' Anson answered stubbornly.

When he heard this Robert questioned whether he were really required to do this thing, for he knew Anson's meaning. But after anxious consultation with his wife and family he decided that even this would not be too much to bring about the reconciliation for which he so longed and prayed.

A few days later Anson was visited by a lawyer, an old friend of his father's, who was familiar with the trouble between the brothers.

'This was made out against my advice,' he said presenting a paper, 'but I prevailed upon Robert to leave it with me for recording. I thought you would not, could not ask this of him.'

Anson glanced over the paper eagerly. 'It is only what should have been done years ago,' he declared, 'I will see that it is recorded.'.

'But you cannot realize what it is to them, what he is giving up to you—'

'Only my own—' Anson interrupted.

'I have never thought that,' the lawyer replied. 'I believe the division was quite fair and this is turning them out of their home.'

'Rob knows it is only simple justice,' Anson said shortly.

But he wondered how Rob could have brought himself to do that against which he had fought, tooth and nail, for years.

'He's becoming a fool, religion or not, any man's a fool that'll do such a thing. And if he thinks to get around me that way he'll see—' was the conclusion he reached.

But he did not experience the perfect satisfaction at thus getting his 'just dues' that he had expected. He felt angry impatience with Robert for the scruple that held him waiting for reconciliation against the advice of everyone.

'He's a fool, for I never will forgive him. I will never take his hand again,' he declared to himself when he had for the third time rejected Robert's overtures of peace. 'Why should he take such a position as that and put me in the wrong with everyone.'

For it seemed to him the people looked at him disapprovingly, and his brother's pleading eyes were a reproach. He began to feel a strange dissatisfaction with himself, an uncertainty as to whether he was and had been wholly right, something he had never doubted before. It was not a pleasant feeling, it irritated him; he would go to the meeting no more. He rose early and toiled late striving to stifle, to put by that troublesome something that tormented him.

Coming to the division fence one evening he stood looking over at the old homestead where he was born and raised; Robert's so long by their father's will, now his by the deed that was buttoned safely in his breast pocket. It was still unrecorded, but to-morrow he would attend to it without fail. Rob would move on to the back sixty and give him possession by spring. Perhaps he ought to allow something more than sixty in exchange—but no, he was the elder—the right of choice should have been his. Queer why Rob should have done it, he must be sincere and in earnest if he was a fool—there came to him some words about being 'a fool for Christ's sake,' and with them came some words, a significant, piercing question. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

For some reason that question demanded immediate answer, and he sat down on the brown grass, facing his patient horses with the load of corn he had picked, to have it out. 'Lose his own soul!' Why, he had hardly thought before whether he had a soul or not—as for losing it—he wasn't such a sinner—more than others. Ah! not a sinner, when he had all his life rejected the salvation purchased for him

on Calvary. Rejected it with scorn—had boasted of his righteousness that required forgiveness of no one, not even of God.

He winced under such thoughts; his pride and self-sufficiency blazed anew; he sprang up with gesture as of throwing down a load, 'I will not think of it!' he exclaimed, 'I am no worse than others. I will not be tormented by it.'

By what? He did not attempt to determine, but a fierce rebellion seized him, he would get away from it, he would go on that visit to the city he had been thinking of. Nevertheless, he went to the church that night, where, in his old place by the door he tried to maintain his accustomed air of sarcastic amusement. But the Word, sharper than a two-edged sword had pierced his soul and his defiant head sank lower and lower as the services went on. And at last he came to see himself and his need fully and clearly, and as he listened to the joyful testimonies of the converts his whole being merged into a deep longing for that pardon and peace of which they spoke. Oh, could there be forgiveness for such as he? Listen, that was Robert's voice repeating invitation and promise, and with sudden entire surrender Anson bowed himself, crying, 'Lord, take me, I come, I come!'

Then in the flood of joy that swept over him he rushed down the aisle tearing the deed to bits as he went; not caring who heard or who saw he stretched out his hands appealingly, crying, 'Robert, my brother! my brother! God for Christ's sake has forgiven me my sins, will you, too, forgive me?'

'Gladly, gladly—thank God—as I ask it of you,' Robert replied while they embraced, with tears, as children.

'But I said truly,' Anson found voice to say, 'I will not forgive you Robert, for I feel that I have nothing to forgive, I have only joy and thankfulness that you were held back, waiting to be reconciled to your brother, else I fear I should never have come.'

An hour later the bed-ridden old mother who had not seen them together before for years, with a hand on each bowed head lifted up her trembling voice, crying, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, since thou hast answered my prayers and I have seen thy salvation come to my dear sons.'

Why He Worked at the Head

A heathen sculptor, who had carved a colossal statue, continued so long at work upon the crown of the giant's head that his admirers grew impatient.

'You are wasting your labor,' they said. 'What need is there that you should chisel every hair. No one will ever look so high, and the pains you are taking will never be appreciated.'

The sculptor only answered: 'It must be perfect; the gods can see.'

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Helen's Tenth.

'Can I afford to tithe my income?'

Helen See heard the words listlessly as her pastor announced them as the subject for the Sunday evening young people's meeting.

An hour later, as she turned the latch key in the door of her little home, the works came back to her. For the first time in her life she put the question to herself. She knew Mr. Jacques gave one-tenth of what he earned as principal of the school. She had heard that Mrs. Whetmore gave one-fifteenth of her income from writing. But it had never occurred to her that a young primary teacher just beginning ought to spare one-tenth of her earnings.

'I'm sure I ought not,' she said, half aloud, and quite decidedly. 'If I ever should have anything left after paying mother for my board and washing, and buying clothes and shoes, and paying car fare, and getting lunches, there is Ed always wanting shoes and things. And I am sure I never spend money for anything that I don't absolutely need.'

She finished the sentence, and in her own room put out her hand to uncover a box of candy.

'You did not absolutely need this,' conscience whispered.

'It is a pity if one can't have a little candy once in a while.'

At the dinner table Ed made a discovery.

'Hi,' he said; 'another pair of new cuff buttons.'

'They are only oxidized silver,' and I am so tired of the old ones.'

And the voice said softly, 'You did not absolutely need these.'

And again to herself she acknowledged, 'No, I did not.'

But she went to the prayer-meeting resolved that if her voice was heard on the question it should be decidedly on the negative side.

The young leader did not take any one passage of Scripture, but sustained the question by three propositions:

1. God commanded it (Lev. xxvii., 30-33; Deut. xvi., 17; Mal. iii., 10; I. Cor. ix., 7).

2. We cannot afford to rob God (Mal. iii., 8, 9).

3. God says we can afford it (Prov. iii., 9, 10; xi., 23; xix., 17; Luke vi., 38).

The thoughts of the leader that most impressed Helen were these:

Until we get beyond the tenth we are only giving the Lord back his own. The ancients understood that God claimed a tenth, and they said, 'If we take his tenth we shall lose our nine-tenths.' Paul, advancing beyond Judaism, writing to the Corinthians, assuming that they would do more than the Jews had been accustomed to do, said, 'As God has prospered you lay by in store, above the tenth, for the Lord.'

All our money should be consecrated, but a sacred sum, a tenth or more, as God has blessed us, should be set apart for his use. Like the manna of old, money spoils if one hoards it. Used selfishly, it breeds sin and death.

The first testimony came from the minister—

'For years I gave little. I reasoned that I gave myself, and that was my share of self-denial. Besides, I went in debt. At length I saw it a duty to give one-tenth. My salary was $500. I had given about fifteen dollars a year. To immediately put it up to fifty dollars was more of a trial than I had supposed possible; but I held steady, and I found the plan had these advantages. It was a relief. Sometimes conscience had whispered that I was giving too little, and again under a strong appeal I felt that I had given too much. Now I was at rest. And it is such a pleasure to give ten dollars where I used to give one dollar. Then it is profitable. Somehow my debts were almost immediately paid. My salary was raised. An avenue was opened by which I could earn money with my pen. Our little homestead trebled in value, and I never lack means for my family or to give. Twenty percent of my income now goes to the Lord, and I have an abundance. Then it helps me spiritually. The victory has been a blessing to my soul. Having given my money all to the Lord, it is easier for me to give myself. Truly I can afford to tithe my income; and, as he promised, I have been blessed upon the earth.

Th next testimony was from a fair-faced, blue-eyed young girl, almost a stranger to them. She said:

'I am an orphan, and support myself by painting. My father failed, then died, and left me almost penniless. One evening I came into this church and your pastor said, "I do not believe one of you is so poor but that if you love Jesus you will have some money to give to his cause.' I went home and threw myself upon the bed and cried. I had not a penny in my purse. The weekly rent for my room was due in the morning. My three meals had been crackers and water. I was heart-sick. At last I rose and fell upon my knees. I uttered no words. But the Lord knew just how sore was my heart. After a while I became quiet and peaceful. The next morning I spent an hour with my Bible and in prayer, and, without any breakfast, sat down to my easel. My heart was light, for I had come very near to the Saviour. The noon mail brought me a postal saying that a three-dollar picture, for some time on exhibition, had been sold. Afterward, as I held the money in my hand, the glad tears came as I thought, "Now I have something for my Lord." My father had always given ten percent to benevolence, so I put thirty cents away, though when my room-rent and washing was paid I had but twenty-five cents for food, which it seemed might have to last me through the week. But it did not. The next day a ten-dollar cheque came to me, and one dollar was put away. From that day to this I have never lacked for food or clothing, nor been without money in my purse; but, better than that, as your pastor said, I am all the Lord's—my money, my time, my talents, my body, my soul, are all his. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"'

There were tears in Helen's eyes when the girl sat down. Impulsively she rose and said:

'I have never given a dollar of my own to the Lord. When this subject was announced at the morning service I was indifferent, but as it forced itself upon my attention at home I said decidedly, "I cannot," and I think I meant "I will not," tithe my income, and by the help of God I will.'

The following Saturday was pay day for

Helen. She held to her resolution, though she knew it meant abstinence from luxuries perhaps for weeks.

But what to do with the money puzzled her. She planned to give a sum monthly to each church benevolence, but that would not take all. So she laid the money carefully away.

Months went by. One morning little Mollie Thorne, one of Helen's best pupils, came to school looking pale and weary. Twice she missed a lesson, and the second time she dropped into her seat and sobbed uncontrollably. As school closed Helen called the child to her and said:

'What is it, Mollie? How came you to miss?'

She hung her head and the tears dropped fast.

'Darling, tell me.'

There was command as well as love in the young teacher's tone.

'I'm so hungry I can't study,' and the child put up her hands to hide her scarlet face.

'I'm so sorry, dear. Tell me all about it.'

'Ever since pa and Jim were killed in the mine, mother's had a hard time, and she don't get much sewing, and she has not had anything to eat since day before yesterday, and I haven't had anything since yesterday.'

'You poor child,' and the teacher's eyes were dim with tears. 'Come with me, dear.'

They stopped at a restaurant and the famished child was fed. Some things were bought for the mother and sent by the little one.

'Tell her I will come myself in a little while,' was the message Helen sent.

She took two five-dollar bills from her tithing box to supply the immediate necessity of the widow. She also enlisted the sympathy of a wealthy friend who promised that she should have all the sewing she could do and took some work to her.

As the woman warmly expressed her gratitude, Helen said sweetly:

'Thank our heavenly Father; it was he who put it into my heart to do it.'

'O I wish I was as good as you,' the happy woman answered.

'He will help you,' was all the timid Helen could reply.

But she invited the minister to visit the home, and the following communion Sunday the bright-faced mother, a reclaimed backslider, and her little daughter stood at the altar rail and gave themselves to the Lord. As the minister related a little of the story, and added that it was one young girl's work, Helen bowed her head and fervently thanked her heavenly Father that out of a happy experience she knew that she could afford to tithe her income. —'Christian Advocate.'

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A Little Court Lady and a Puritan Maid.

(The 'Sunday-School Visitor.')

There was a strange hush about the parsonage, for the wounded cavalier who had been brought in from the battlefield lay dying. The seven children gathered into the great washroom farthest from the sick man's chamber, spoke in whispers. Even the baby in Judith's arms was still.

'What will become of Genevieve after her father is dead?' asked rollicking Diccon, in a hushed, unnatural voice.

'The Lady Genevieve will remain with us for the present,' answered Judith. 'She has no kinsfolk left in England, and it will take long to send a messenger to France. Father says it may be that we shall keep her a whole year.'

The demure eldest sister spoke soberly, as became a Puritan maid, but her face was full of joy in spite of the solemnity that hung over the house; for as the soul on Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, so the heart of the parson's daughter clung to the little court lady who had come to the parsonage to attend her dying father.

Indeed, Lady Genevieve was worth loving, for she had been gifted with rare sympathy and a way of understanding those round her seldom found in princess or peasant. To fifteen-year-old Judith, this little high-born lady, just her own age, was the fairest and dearest creature ever conceived of by any stretch of imagination. The little head held high like that of a princess, the brown eyes that flashed and beamed and spoke a thousand things, the soft voice trained in the court, and a hundred little gracious ways were so dear to the pastor's daughter that she examined her heart fearfully every night lest it should be a sin to love anyone so much.

Late that evening the cavalier died. He was buried in 'God's acre' beside the little church, and Lady Genevieve took her place as a daughter of the pastor's house until word could be sent and brought again from France.

The days that followed were very happy ones to Judith. The hardest time in all her girlish life came when the messenger arrived to take the Lady Genevieve to her far-off kindred. The daughter of the royalists wept sorely at parting with the friends who had been so kind to her. Judith, with Puritan undemonstrativeness, shed no tears, but the sky turned dark to her, and every breath brought a fresh pang of desolation.

The rambling old manor house was full of memories of Genevieve—Genevieve in the hall, walking to and fro with the fretful baby in her arms; Genevieve on the doorstep, singing gay little cavalier songs to the tinkle of a worldly guitar; Genevieve with sleeves rolled up, helping the pastor's wife as any Puritan daughter might have done; Genevieve in her long, white gown, whispering good-night in the spotless little chamber that even six brothers and sisters could not keep from being lonely now! Genevieve! Genevieve!

The days dragged sadly, and the ache in Judith's heart was very hard to bear. Morning, noon and night she missed Genevieve.

But more serious troubles were coming when, to the Puritans, even the memory of happier days was almost obliterated as the passing seasons brought more and more of pain and loss.

The wheel of fortune swung round again and the Puritans were underneath. With all the bitterness engendered by their eighteen years of exile and defeat, the followers of the Merry Monarch exhausted themselves to find measures to crush down their fallen enemies. More than all others they hated the Puritan divines, and Judith's father came under especial displeasure.

The old manor house, which had been the home of her ancestors for generations, was bestowed upon a favorite of the king, and her father, the godly, faithful old pastor, whose kindness to friends and enemies had never failed, lay in prison under sentence of death.

Everything that could be done to save him had been tried in vain.

'If only Diccon were alive, he would find a way,' sobbed the mother. But Diccon had fallen at nineteen. There was only Judith and the little ones.

Night after night the pastor's daughter lay staring into the dark with wide open eyes, trying to think of a plan. At last an inspiration came to her.

'Mother,' she said, as she crept to her mother's bedside in the chill gray of the morning, 'I have thought of one thing more. The duke could save father. I will go to him.'

The mother's white face looked ghastly and hopeless in the pale light. 'That can avail nothing, my daughter,' she said, with despairing gentleness. 'The Duke was the first to recommend to the king the Act of Uniformity. He hath no sympathy with any dissenter.'

'But, mother, I will go to the duchess. The duke is newly married. Surely the heart of a young bride will be touched that such a thing should come to so good a man as father. She will plead with the duke, and a bridegroom will not deny the boon of his bride. Mother, let me go to the duchess!'

It was a forlorn hope, but it was the last. By sunrise, Judith had started on foot to the distant town where the duke and his newly-wedded bride had just taken up their residence. She started bravely, but it was a very forlorn Puritan maiden who limped into the court yard of the castle five days later, faint with hunger and loss of sleep, and inexpressibly weary and foot-sore.

There was a long delay before she could gain admission, and she could not have done so then had not a homesick young serving-maid of the duchess been touched by her sorrowful plight, and brought the matter to the notice of her lady.

Admitted into the great audience chamber, with its throng of richly clothed ladies with haughty, wearied and indifferent faces, it seemed as if her courage must fail. She was so faint and weak, and the duchess was such a grand personage. The glittering chandeliers flashed darting pains into her aching eyes. The curious, staring faces wavered, and faded before her.

Then someone came swiftly down the long room from the very centre of the gorgeously apparelled circle; someone with loving brown eyes, and hand outstretched. It was Genevieve! Only Genevieve could look like that. Genevieve! And just the same! Genevieve! Genevieve!

With a sudden low cry, Judith fell forward into her friend's arms. When she came to herself, she was in Genevieve's bed, with Genevieve herself bending over her.

Had she dreaded lest she could not find words to tell the story? It was easier than it would have been to tell her mother. Genevieve would understand; Genevieve would perceive what, in her incoherence she left untold; Genevieve, who knew her father, and had been herself an exile, would have no unjust thought.

'But where is the duchess?' cried Judith, rising on her elbow, when the story had been told. 'Please, Genevieve, let me get up, and take me to the duchess. I must go now. There is no time for delay.'

Into the brown eyes came the light that never shone in any others, as Genevieve's hand pressed her back on to the pillow, and the dear voice said:

'Be not troubled, dear. It will all come right. I will go to the duke now, while you sleep, and, Judith, dear, do not fear that he will refuse us, for—I am the duchess.'

The Girl and Her Dress

(Priscilla Leonard, in 'Wellspring.')

I have a girl in mind, who is a clever girl, yet who seems to me to be making a great mistake in life. Though she has very limited command of money, she dresses most fashionably, and wears the prettiest of hats; and the way she manages to do this is by studying the styles continually, and using her brains and fingers in following them at very little expense. 'But,' I hear a chorus of girl voices say, 'there is surely no mistake in managing to dress well without being extravagant!' Wait a minute, and let me finish my story. My well-dressed girl spends her days ripping up old dresses and making them over into new ones, cleaning and dyeing and piecing. She trims and retrims hats, incessantly; she reads every fashion paper she can get; she takes notes of every shop window and every well-dressed passer-by; she thinks of dress, she dreams of dress, she saves and plans for dress, she lives for dress. She has few friends, for she has no time to spend with them; she has few interests, for dress occupies her days; she has as little intellectual and spiritual life as a girl well can have—though she always goes to church on Sunday morning to show her best clothes—and the more she blooms out in feathers and lace, the poorer and poorer and smaller and smaller the true possibilities of a womanly life become within her.

She told me one day, in excusing herself from joining a book club, that she really had no time to read. 'It takes one of two things to dress well,' she said; 'either time or money. I haven't the money, but I have the time. If I were to give my time to other things, then I would have neither time nor money for my clothes, and I would have to be out of style.'

The reasoning was no doubt true, so far as it went. But that is where, to my mind, her mistake came in. Her reasoning did not go far enough. She did not touch the real question at all—the extremely important question: 'What place and proportion in life should dress occupy?' Her reasoning started from the mistaken assumption that dress was the first end of a girl's life, and so her conclusions were all wrong in consequence. Perhaps some other girls are using the same foolish logic, and, therefore, it may be well to take this question of dress and analyze it seriously and thoroughly.

Every girl should be well dressed; that much is certain. Her dress ought to be becoming, graceful, and neat. But as to the further requirements of fashion, the case is different, and the only right rule is to make one's dress suitable. Now, it is not suitable to our means to dress beyond them. It is not suitable to our lot in life to give all our time to dress. And it is not suitable to our surroundings to dress out of harmony with them. When we once appreciate the fact that it is not in good taste to wear broadcloth and velvet when serge and velveteen harmonize better with our lives; that a big feathered hat that has cost us time and money, and lost us opportunities for growth or good, is a nightmare and not a thing of beauty; and that furs, and lace and trimming are not essentials of happiness—why, we are beginning to learn the elements of dressing wisely, but not too well.

The girl who wishes to dress suitably will first sit down, if she is a sensible girl, and figure up how much time and money she can honestly afford to spend upon her clothes. Then she will buy, always, the best material possible within the limit. If she buys ready-made, she will be far more careful about a good cut than about elaborate trimming, and she will choose a color not likely to fade. She will put her money into few and good clothes, rather than into a variety of cheap hats and dresses. She will not buy bargains just because they are cheap, for such bargains often prove boomerangs, being defective in dye, weave, or quality. She will not try to follow the extreme of style, but content herself with the reasonably stylish suit that she can wear several years without its going entirely out of fashion. Then, being of good material, even if her clothes may be a trifle shabby before she finally lays them aside, they never have that hopeless, vulgar shabbiness that comes so quickly and inevitably to a cheap dress.

Gloves, shoes, collars, ribbons, belts, may or may not be expensive; but one thing they must be—clean and in order. As one girl put it to me once, 'Everyone is not able to buy new shoes, but anyone is disgraced by having buttons off or loose.' Any girl can have well-brushed and gracefully-arranged hair, whether she can afford jewelled combs and hairpins or not. With naphtha and benzine so cheap, a dirty glove, a soiled ribbon, a skirt stained or spotted anywhere, is inexcusable, even for busy girls.

Then, when the girl has bought her dress, and made it, and put it on, let her forget all about it. Dress is only an incident of life. A bright, sweet, sympathetic girl attracts everybody, whether she wears calico or satin. Study the lives of great women, and see if the chronicler ever mentions what they wore while doing the work that made them famous. Elizabeth Fry, in her simple Quaker gown; Frances Willard, in her plain, neat dress; Florence Nightingale, in the nurse's uniform; Queen Victoria, always in the simplest clothes except on rare occasions of state; Maud Ballington Booth, in her Salvation Army bonnet; these women have set the standard of life in the right place. What we wear, girls, is not altogether unimportant, perhaps; but what we are is absolutely all-important. 'The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment'; and only when we realize this will dress take its proper place and proportion in our lives, and cease to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

The Real Failure.

John came home from school in a bad humor. 'I think Miss Clark is as unfair as she can be!' he declared in an injured tone. 'I knew my history perfectly, but she noticed that I wasn't paying attention and called on me just at that minute. Of course, I didn't know what the question was, and so I couldn't answer. But, father, do you think it was fair to call that a failure?'

John's father did not reply. He liked his boy to answer his own questions when that was possible. 'To-morrow is Saturday, isn't it? I'll take you to the office with me in the morning. We'll see if we find anything there to help us decide this question.'

The main office of the manufactory with which John's father was connected seemed to the boy a place of great confusion. The roar of the city streets served as a sort of background for the click of the typewriters, and the sharp voices of busy men. John's father called his attention to a bookkeeper at one of the desks, who was adding a column of figures with a rapidity that seemed marvellous to the lad looking on. 'I don't see how he can do that without making all sorts of mistakes,' John exclaimed impulsively. 'Not with all this noise, and people coming and going every minute.'

'I'll tell you how he does it,' the father answered. 'He has learned to give attention.'

John colored a little, but without seeming to notice this, his father continued: 'You thought your teacher unjust yesterday because she assumed that your not giving attention to your recitation was equivalent to a failure. But let me tell you that the most valuable thing you get out of your school training is the ability to fix your attention, in other words, the power of concentration. Some people question the value of many of the studies in your course, and even the most practical of them, arithmetic, for instance, contains a great deal that is never actually used in business. The advantage derived from all such work is that the mind is trained to devote itself to one subject, and not to be turned aside by any distraction. The successful man, John, whatever his line of work, is one who has learned to give his entire attention to what he has in hand!'

John looked up and smiled. 'I guess I deserved that zero all right,' he said. 'I'd learned my history, but I see that I did fail in something that was even more important.'—Exchange.

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His Likeness You May See.

(By J. T. Trowbridge.)

My boy, you do not know the boy
I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet
spring air
With the wind of hope in his waving
hair,
With sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height
maybe,
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate
of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth;
The trial that he must bear,
The peril, the ghost that frights
him most,
He faces boldly—and like a ghost,
It vanishes in air.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's
Sweet laughter ever rang,
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest wit or his maddest
prank
Can never cause a pang.

Where does he dwell? I cannot
tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Or poor or rich? I don't mind
which;
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch
I love him all the same.

With high brave heart, perform
your part,
Be noble and kind as he:
Then, some fair morning, when you
pass,
Fresh from glad dreams before your
glass,
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What, you think
there is not
A boy like him—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have the power to make
him real,
And clothe him to our eyes.

Mary Ann and Marian.

(By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in 'New York Observer.')

Mary Ann and Marian are two little girls, just the same age, but oh, so different in every other way.

I will tell you about Mary Ann first, because I admire her so greatly; she is the twelve-year-old daughter of my washerwoman, and as her mother takes in fine washing and ironing, and has six children, Mary Ann has a great deal to do when out of school, helping her mother about the house and tending babies.

I was in Mrs. O'Brien's house one afternoon to get a shirt waist that I needed before the clothes would come home, and while waiting for it to be ironed, I sat watching Mary Ann, who singing cheerily, was 'doing up' the dinner dishes, and keeping one eye upon the two-year-old Terrence playing in the little back yard.

'Do you always feel so happy while at work?' I asked her.

'Wabash, far-rr away,' Mary Ann stopped at the end of the line, and setting the frying pan to 'dry off,' on the back of the stove said:

'No, mum, not always, but I tries to be, it helps the work along, that's what mother says.'

She now put her pans, pots and tins away, put a little pearline in her dish-pan, poured hot water over it and singing, 'Oh, the moon is fair to-night along the Wabash,' beat it to a foam with the dish mop, keeping perfect time.

'But what makes you wipe off the stove and do the pots and pans first?' I asked during the next pause.

Mary Ann's mouth, a generous one, broadened to a rich smile, 'Because, mem, I hate to do 'em so bad.'

'That's just the reason most folks do them last, Mary Ann.'

'Yes, mem, I useter, but since I begun to do 'em first the dishes don't seem half so—' here she dropped her dish mop and ran out the back door to pick up little Terrance who had come to grief; she kissed the bump and started him playing in the sand with a shovel and pail, 'as I was saying, mem, I like ter do the glass and plates, knives and forks, so when I get down to them, mem, it's sorter play like, with the horrid part all gone.'

She polished the tumbler until it glistened, set it down very carefully and continued: 'It must be fine to eat off'n real chiny and have real solid silver knives and forks and spoons for every day, but mother says it ain't always the rich folks thet's happiest, thet's what mother says,'

Mrs. O'Brien now came into the kitchen with the shirt waist neatly tied up, 'She's a good gurrel, mem, shure, I couldn't kape house without her, mem,' she said as she opened the gate for me to pass through.

A good girl! that she is, and all unknown to herself a young philosopher, having learned three very important truths, that a cheerful heart lightens labor, that the disagreeable duty should be done and out of the way as soon as possible, that what 'mother says' counts; following these Mary Ann O'Brien will make a grand woman one of these days, if she is only the daughter of a washwoman, and the daughter of a hod-carrier.

Now let me tell you of Marian; she has so little to do, to wipe, not wash and wipe the breakfast and supper dishes and put them in their places, to make up her own pretty brass bed and mend her one pair of stockings each week; besides this, she is expected to practice one hour a day and once in a great while when mamma is very much rushed with her work to take baby sister out in her go-cart. She thinks herself dreadfully abused; would you believe it? she thinks dishes are drudgery, scales 'just horrid,' and as for taking sister to ride, all the little sister she has, she just pouts and pouts and 'don't like kids anyway.'

I can imagine Mary Ann's pride if the O'Brien's had such a pretty baby carriage for Terrence and the other baby; the only way Terrence gets a ride is by trudging along beside the squeaky little express, and after it has discharged its burden of washings, Mary Ann puts him into the now empty cart and wheels him home; and a piano! it would seem like Heaven itself, if a piano found its way into the O'Brien home, judging from the way Mary Ann listened, awestruck, one day when I played to her, not from the classics, but the songs of the day, hoping she would sing, but Mary Ann would not sing a note.

I don't suppose Mary Ann ever had a quarter of a dollar all her own, in her life, yet that is what Marian's papa gives her every week. Marian has such a dear, kind mamma and papa, such a sweet little sister, and such a nice home, she ought to be very happy. Which little girl do you like the better, and which is most like you?—'New York Observer,' Salem, Mass.

Trust.

I know not if dark or bright
  Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
  Be best or not.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
  By breath divine,—
And on the helm there rests a Hand
  Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
  I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
  I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
  I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short—if long, 'tis light—
  He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land!
  The end is this;—
And then with Him go hand in hand
  Far into bliss!

—Henry Alford.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—Bailey.

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LESSON II.—JULY 12.

Saul Chosen King.

I. Samuel x., 17-27.

Golden Text.

The Lord is our king; he will save us. Isaiah xxxiii., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 6.—I. Sam. x., 17-27.
Tuesday, July 7.—I. Sam. ix., 15-24.
Wednesday, July 8.—I. Sam. x., 1-8.
Thursday, July 9.—I. Sam. ix., 1-14.
Friday, July 10.—I. Sam. xi., 1-15.
Saturday, July 11.—I. Pet. ii., 11-17.
Sunday, July 12.—Hos. xiii., 1-14.

(By E. M. Kurtz.)

17. And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh;

18. And said unto the children of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt, and delivered you out of the hand of all kingdoms, and of them that oppressed you.

19. And ye have this day rejected your God, who himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations; and ye have said unto him, Nay, but set a king over us. Now therefore present yourselves unto the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands.

20. And when Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken.

21. When he had caused the tribe of Benjamin to come near by their families, the family of Matri was taken, and Saul the son of Kish was taken; and when they sought him he could not be found.

22. Therefore they enquired of the Lord further if the man should yet come thither. And the Lord answered, Behold he hath hid himself among the stuff.

23. And they ran and fetched him thence: and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.

24. And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.

25. So then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord. And Samuel sent all the people away, every man to his house.

26. And Saul also went home to Gibeah; and there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.

27. But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him and brought him no presents. But he held his peace.

We left Samuel last week as he reported to the people the words of the Lord, in answer to their petition for a king. If you read the remainder of the 8th chapter of I. Samuel, you will have the gloomy word picture Samuel painted of the man who should be king over Israel. Still, the people were so stubbornly set in their own way that they would not heed this protest of Samuel, but said, 'Nay; but we will have a king over us.' Then Samuel again turned to communicate with God, and told how the people still insisted upon having a king. God commanded him to heed their request and give them what they wanted.

Chapter ix. of II. Samuel, introduces us to Israel's future king, then a young man. Saul is described to us as 'a choice young man, and a goodly,' who was head and shoulders above all the people. We find him away from home, and accompanied only by a servant. He was providentially led to meet Samuel, who, having been foretold of his coming and that he should be king over Israel, showed him special honor. When Saul was leaving to return to his father Samuel anointed him and saluted him because he was to be king. He also told Saul of the things that should happen to him that day, and of what he should do.

Later Samuel called the people together at Mizpeh, and here our lesson opens. The time and place of this lesson are both uncertain. These events occurred in the eleventh century before Christ. It is believed that this Mizpeh was about five miles from Jerusalem, to the north.

The lesson contains the account of the meeting at Mizpeh, and of the formal introduction of Saul as king. We may divide it in this way:

1. Samuel's Address. Verses 17-19.
2. Saul is Missing. 20-22.
3. 'God Save the King.' 23, 24.
4. 'The Manner of the Kingdom.' 25.
5. Two Sorts of Men. 26, 27.

Israel, as we saw last week, had made a request for a king through its representative men, and now a national gathering is called to make the formal choice of a king, though Samuel had already foreseen who this would be.

Before proceeding to the business of the day Samuel made an address to the people. The two verses, 18 and 19, probably contain only a summary of this speech, simply giving the points touched upon. He recalls to their minds the loving care of God who brought them out of Egyptian bondage and established them in Canaan, protecting them from all their enemies. Still they were this very day rejecting this God who had done so much for them, when they asked for a king to rule over them.

'Now therefore present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands.' Israel had not formally and purposely rejected God, they were still to continue as serving him in one sense, but they had actually rejected him when they refused to continue the form of government he had given them, and desired to copy after the nations about them. It was putting world interests between them and God, always a dangerous proceeding.

By tribes and thousands is a reference to the divisions of the people. In addition to the natural tribal divisions, Moses, acting upon the advice of his father-in-law, Jethro, made other divisions. In Exodus xviii., 25, we read, 'And Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.'

It is uncertain just what part the 'thousands' took in this choice of a king, as the choice seemed to be from tribes and families.

The choice was made by accepting or rejecting a tribe as it was presented by its representative. In this way the tribe of Benjamin was chosen as the one from whom the king was to be chosen. Jameson, Faussett and Brown's Commentary says, 'By selecting a king from this least and nearly extinct tribe, divine wisdom designed to remove all grounds of jealousy among the other tribes.'

By pursuing the same means for a choice, the family of Matri, to which Saul belonged, 'was taken,' that is, the choice fell upon that family. Then Saul, the son of Kish, was taken. So the king of Israel was chosen.

Then, very naturally, they began to seek for Saul, but he could not be found. Evidently, Saul, at this time, was a modest young man, who had always lived quietly at home, and now shrank from the attention that was suddenly given him, as well as from assuming an office that was under the disfavor of God.

'Therefore they enquired of the Lord further,' desiring to know if he was to come. The people wanted to see their king and salute him. If he was not to be present, apparently there would be no need of prolonging the assembly. But the answer came that Saul had hidden 'among the stuff,' that is, among the baggage of the people, many of whom had come from a long distance.

When they learned where Saul had tried to hide himself, it was but a small task to search him out. And once found, further resistance would be useless, so the reluctant young king was led before his people, above whom he towered head and shoulders. He was a man of great physical beauty, and no doubt his very presence was such as to arouse enthusiasm.

Then Samuel introduced Israel to her king. 'See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen.' If God was displeased with Israel for having a king, how can it be that he chose this king for them? This is an example of God's great patience and mercy. He did not want the people to remove themselves still further from him by choosing an earthly sovereign, yet when they were determined to act thus, his mercy still follows them by guiding in the choice of this first ruler.

Then came the great shout of recognition and salutation as Israel saw her first royal leader towering above all her mighty men of valor. 'God save the king,' or some similar expression, has long been the customary greeting to a monarch. In coupling thus the names of their divine and earthly rulers, Israel again shows her outward faith in God, though expressing his removal from their warm heart loyalty by the appearance of this mortal ruler whom they can behold with their eyes.

The kingdom was now a settled fact. The decision had been made, the protest of the prophet spurned, the king chosen, and presented to the people. There remained nothing now but to show 'the people the manner of the kingdom.' It has been thought that it refers to a last protest by Samuel before giving up to the new order of things. Another, and perhaps better, view is that Samuel was preparing the people for the change by setting forth the relation of the kingdom to God, possibly taking up the law of Moses bearing upon this subject. See Deuteronomy xvii., 14-20.

A sort of constitution, or 'magna charta,' had already been drawn up by Moses for just such a time as this, in order that the people might not again come under a terrible oppression.

Samuel also 'wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord.' That is, he added it to the written laws and narratives of Israel and placed it with the other sacred writings. Samuel dismissed them to their homes. Samuel's influence and authority were still strong, and he and not the new king dismisses the assembly which he had called together.

Saul went to his home, but not alone, for there went with him 'a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.' God was leading Saul and preparing the way for his new and heavy responsibilities. One of the first things was to draw to him these men whose hearts he had touched. This would appear to mean that God had led these men to become the loyal friends of Saul.

There was a dark side to the picture, however, for there were some who were disgruntled over the turn of affairs. 'The children of Belial' were not children of a person of this name, for the word 'Belial' simply means 'worthlessness.' 'The children of Belial' were, then, a worthless set, who were perhaps disappointed at the turn of affairs and jealous of the new king.

'They despised him, and brought him no presents.' That is, they gave him none of the tokens of homage that were commonly made to a king.

But Saul held his peace. He showed at once wisdom and dignity in dealing with this insult. This is the best way to meet such things in our everyday life.

Next week we have 'Samuel's Farewell Address,' I. Samuel xii., 13-25.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, July 12.—Topic—What the Holy Spirit can do for me. John xvi., 5-15.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE ANT.

Monday, July 6.—Untiring work. Gal. vi., 9.

Tuesday, July 7.—Thorough work. Josh. xi., 15.

Wednesday, July 8.—Doing anything. John ii., 5.

Thursday, July 9.—Earnest work. II. Tim. ii., 15.

Friday, July 10.—United work. Matt. xviii., 19.

Saturday, July 11.—In Jesus' name. Col. iii., 17.

Sunday, July 12.—Topic—Lessons from the ant. Prov. vi., 6-8; xxx., 25.

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The Kilgour family, who have been bereft of husband and father by a railway wreck caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer, are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son from the curse of cigarette smoking. The boy succeeds in completely deceiving them for a time, but is finally discovered to be a frequenter of the lowest dive in the tough city. At first he denies this, then brazenly admits that he was lying. His eldest brother Ralph gives him a horsewhipping. Ralph resigns his position in the hotel. Willie, the second brother, is stricken with typhoid fever. Claude is taken from school.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

A few days later six dollars was missing from a bureau drawer. It was money which Allie held, as treasurer of Trinity Girls' Mission Guild. The loss caused much anxiety and unhappiness. All shrank from thinking that Miss Roberts, the nurse, could have touched it, yet the disappearance seemed otherwise unaccountable. In less than a week Mrs. Kilgour found a half-used package of cigarettes stuck in a crevice of an unused woodhouse wall. She called Claude, who, coming in, brought with him a strong smell of tobacco, mingled with perfume, cloves and cough medicine. She locked him in his room until Ralph's return from work. Claude tearfully and earnestly denied having used tobacco in any form for three weeks, and vowed that the package had been hidden a year before and then forgotten.

'Did you take Alice's money?' asked Ralph, calmly. Claude acted so utterly taken back and heart-broken at the very shadow of such a suspicion that Ralph almost melted.

'I swear I never touched a cent not belonging to me,' the boy declared in a ringing tone of sincerity.

'Well, at any rate, you are lying about the smoking and you can't deceive me,' replied Ralph. 'I'm sorry to do it, but march down quietly with me, so as not to disturb Willie.'

The boy shrieked with terror. Alas, in the days gone by, Claude had been no coward!

'Oh, don't whip me and I will tell the truth. I was smoking, Victor Dumouchelle gave me a package through the fence, while I was sawing wood.'

'Where is the rest of the money you stole?' asked Ralph, as if he had never heard this explanation.

'I never stole it. Oh! oh! I shan't go downstairs. We'll at least call mamma first. I want to speak to her for just a minute.'

'No, mother has enough to bear, without this scene.'

'I won't make a scene. Oh, please, please let me see her. Let me see her! Let me see her!' His voice rose to a shrill scream, which brought his mother to the room.

'Let Claude speak. What is it, my poor erring boy?'

'He says I stole Allie's money,' cried Claude hysterically, 'and he is going to kill me.'

'Nonsense, Claude, Ralph never whipped you cruelly, and alas, I have come at last to see this is the only way of appealing to your senses. I will not interfere. Ralph,' turning to her eldest son, with a look of infallible trust and confidence, 'what is this about Allie's money?'

'Never mind his ravings, mother; he had no right to mention a subject before you which I had drawn him aside to speak about alone,' and Ralph collared the shrieking boy.

'Claude,' his mother stood very straight, with whitening lips, 'you did take that money. Something tells me I am not mistaken.' She swayed and would have fallen but for Ralph's quick support.

'Oh, don't whip me and I will tell you. Let go of me and I will tell you all,' sobbed Claude.

'Let him go, Ralph. No, I am quite able to stay and hear. Speak, Claude.'

'Well, I did take it.'

'And was it you who have been stealing from the household purse for more than a year? I never seemed to be able to make ends meet. Accounts were short at the end of every month. Claude, you have so often seen me in such perplexity and trouble over this.'

'O mother, indeed, indeed I didn't do that! Surely you can't think that of me!'

A movement from Ralph.

'Oh, oh, yes, it was I. But I never took twenty-five cents altogether.'

'Stop so much unnecessary lying,' growled Ralph, 'or I'll make you smart for it.'

'And it was you, Claude,' who stole the purse containing all my egg money which I had been gathering to build that new hen-house, together with twelve dollars Allie had saved from working overtime and given me, and which I supposed I had lost on the ferry, and spent so much in advertising for.'

'Speak, sir,' thundered Ralph.

'Oh, don't touch me. Yes it was me. Oh, mamma,' and for once his voice rose in sincerity of anguish—'Mamma, I have killed you—'

'Stand aside,' spoke Ralph, and he lifted his mother's unconscious form from the floor and strode across the hall.

CHAPTER V.

When Ralph returned in twenty minutes, Claude was gone. A quick and thorough search of the entire premises revealed no trace of the wretched boy. Returning to the room where Alice sat with her mother, he beckoned her out and despatched her for Clara Meredith, while he took her place by the bedside where the stricken mother lay motionless, save for an occasional anguished moan. Half an hour later, leaving Miss Meredith in charge of their mother, the brother and sister left the house to search for Claude.

'Hurry straight to Mr. Haverson's' (the Methodist minister), admonished Ralph. 'He is discreet and is a good friend. Ask him to visit the railway stations, while I will try the ferry docks; then come right home and keep a sharp lookout, for it is just possible that Claude is hiding in some hole waiting for a good opportunity to escape.'

Ralph proved, after all, correct in this latter conjection, for when he and Mr. Haverson returned, about nine o'clock, they found that Allie had unearthed Claude in an old unused coal bin down cellar. He had attempted to dash past her, but she was too quick for him, and had him securely locked down by both doors. Hastily returning to the parlor, after seeing Alice, Ralph briefly explained to the minister that Claude had not left the house, after all. Mr. Haverson at once withdrew, waving aside all Ralph's broken attempts at thanks and assuring him that the unhappy circumstances would not be mentioned. Then he went down cellar, where Claude was rushing round like a wild animal, in an endeavor to work his way out. Ralph paid no attention to him but picked up a small bundle which Claude had evidently packed with haste. It contained some filthy pictures, two packages of cigarettes, a suit of underclothing, two trashy novels, low, paper-covered novels, a ferocious-looking second-hand revolver, and about four dollars in money, besides some valuable Kruger coins which Ralph had brought back from South Africa.

Then ensued a stormy scene, at least on Claude's part. The misguided boy broke forth in the vernacular of the literature upon which he had been feeding, threatening to shoot the whole family, to burn down the house, and like desperate measures. He tried to seize, from Ralph's hand, the already loaded revolver, and he bit his brother severely. Claude was, indeed, at that time, quite capable of putting his fearful threats into execution, and Ralph, whose strength, fortunately, was that of a young Hercules, carried him struggling up to his own bedroom and locked him in the closet, while he cleared the room of matches, razor, keys, and every article by which the crazed boy could either commit injury or effect an escape. He forced Claude to undress and get into bed. Then he carried away his clothes, with all of his own which were in the room, and went away, locking the door after him.

(To be Continued.)

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The following are the contents of the issue of June 20, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Servia—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
A Merciless Miscreant Among Nations—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Eton College—The 'Daily News,' London.
What Luck in Canada? By One Who Has Sought It.—G.C.B., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
American Problems—'The Daily Chronicle,' London.
An Unhappy People—The New York 'Tribune.'
Sending a Child by Post, and 'Expressing' a Live Goat—The 'Daily News,' London.
Journalism—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

An Artist in Transformations—Eva Anstruther, in the 'Westminster Budget,' London.
Cast-off Kings—Albert Hart, in the 'Strand.' Abridged.
Chinese Porcelain—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Way is Short—Poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
The Wanderers—Poem by W. D. Neebit, in the Chicago 'Tribune.'
Sundown—Poem by D. A. L., in the 'Pilot,' London.
A Laureate's Jaunt—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
An Eighteenth Century Quaker Journal—'The Athenæum,' London.
A True Humorist—By Conrad Noel, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Dr. Murray on Dictionary Making—'Westminster Budget,' London.
Contemporaries—'The Spectator,' London.
Men of the XIXth Century—By the Rev. John White Chadwick, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Resurrection of Christ—By Archdeacon Wilson, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Resuscitation of the Apparently Drowned—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The History of the Magnet—The 'Standard,' London.
The Day of Fresh Air—The New York 'Evening Post.'

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Correspondence

Arlington, So. Dak.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking for some time about writing to the 'Northern Messenger,' to let you know I like it very much. I live in the country about twenty miles from the city of Arlington. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. I have three brothers and two sisters. I live a mile from school. There is no school in summer here. My birthday is on Oct. 16.

EBBIE S. H.

Queenston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Queenston is a quaint little village on the bank of the Niagara River, where the battle of Queenston Heights was fought in 1812, and where General Brock was shot. There is now a magnificent monument erected in honor of his memory. In 1860 the Prince of Wales (our present King) erected a smaller monument to mark the spot. About seven miles from here is the beautiful city of Niagara, with its wonderful waters of the Niagara Falls.

I will be twelve on the twenty-ninth of October. From an interested reader of the 'Northern Messenger.'

MAGGIE MAY W.

Portage du Fort, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the little village of Portage du Fort, which is a pretty little village. It is noted for its lovely scenery, good air, fishing, and sailing. We have a fine bathing place here, and it is called the Little Eddy. The water around is very swift, and there are a great many rapids. We have a fine long iron bridge. Our clergyman sends the 'Messenger' to me and some other boys. This village is situated along the Ottawa river, about sixty miles above Ottawa. The population is about four hundred. There are no trains, but a stage runs from here to Haley Station, on the C.P.R. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on May 5.

HERBERT R.

Orangeville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. I like going to school, and am in the junior third reader. Our school has ten rooms in it. I like reading very much. My favorite books are: The Elsie books and the Mildred books. I go to the Methodist church and Sunday-school. It is about half a mile from where we live to church. I have two brothers and one sister. I am the eldest of the family. For pets we have a canary and a pug dog about half a foot high, which will never grow any larger, for he is over a year old now. We have forty chickens. I expect to go to my grandpa's in the holidays. He lives at Nashville, a little village about twenty-eight miles from here. Hoping to write a better letter next time.

E. MAUD S. (age 10).

Guysboro' Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live on a small farm about five miles from Guysboro' Town. My father goes to sea. He is away now in the schooner 'Onora,' and as I am the oldest boy, I have to tend the barn for mother. We have three cows, a steer and ten sheep, one little calf, and a few hens, so I have plenty of work in the morning before school. We live quite near the school-house. We live about half a mile from my grandfather's. He has a large dog called Kruger, with which we have great fun, and we teach him all kinds of tricks. My birthday is on July 31.

WILLARD C. H.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather in Glengarry took the Montreal 'Witness' from the time it started until he died, and now my uncle, who lives on the farm, keeps taking it. I live in London, and take the 'Messenger,' which I like very much. London is called the Forest City, because there are so many trees. Every street is lined with maple trees. I have a little dog called 'Neo,' and two beautiful gold fish called 'Edward' and 'Alexandra.' I would like to be a farmer, and when I am a man I think I will farm on the North-West. I am twelve years old.

KENNETH McD.

Maccan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm three miles from Maccan Station, on the I.C.R. There are coal mines all about here. The Joggin mine, one of the oldest in the province, is about ten miles from here. There are great tracts of hay lands called marshes, protected from the tides by dykes, and the people sell quantities of hay. A small river called the Maccan is one of the boundaries of our farm, but it is very muddy, and we cannot bathe in it; the farmers draw the mud and spread it on the land. It makes the grain grow. There is a mill sawing logs by the road. I like to stay and watch them. Papa has taken the 'Witness' for eighteen years at least.

F. F. H. (age 10).

Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from our Sunday-school in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write a few lines. They call the place California where we go to Sunday-school, but the name of the church is Trinity. There was a S day-school excursion to Belle Isle last summer. Papa, sister and I went and saw a great many wild animals, such as bears, deers and moose.

ELLA L.

(Won't you write and tell us more about your interesting trip, and don't be afraid of writing as long a letter as you can.—Ed.)

Chester Grant.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little country place eight miles from Chester. We have to go three and a half miles to church, but our minister comes in and preaches at the school-house two or three times every month. We live only a few steps from the school-house. We have a dog called 'Nero,' and he always knows when recess is out and comes over and helps us play 'I spy.' In the winter my brothers harness him in a sled and we go driving with him. Not long ago there was a little girl lost at New Ross. She was in the woods five days. When they found her she was ten miles from home, and had had nothing to eat but 'cow cabbage' (a plant that grows in the hard woods). I was very much pleased with my Bible, which I received as a premium for five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' I will be ten years old the 30th of this month, and am in the eighth grade in school. I hope this letter will be interesting.

E. VERA R.

Bayfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw in your paper the question asked about the meaning of the twelfth verse of the fourteenth chapter of John. I do believe that it is a good thing to ask questions of importance and have them answered through the 'Messenger.' The Saviour himself asked questions and answered them correctly when he was twelve years of age. He went about doing good, and as many as touched the hem of his garment were made perfectly whole. Afterward he did many great works. He raised Lazarus from the grave after he was dead four days. The people heard that he did that, and when he was going into Jerusalem, when he was come nigh to the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen, and it was sweet to hear the children crying and saying 'Hosanna to the son of David.' The God of Love did for Christ's sake work in the hearts of the dear children, and all the glory is due to God. 'Christ shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.' (Isaiah liii., 11.) When the blessed Saviour ascended up into heaven after finishing the work of redemption, for his sake the Holy Spirit came down and worked with great power among the people, and used Peter as the means of saving three thousand souls on the Day of Pentecost; and so I do think that with all that has been done since that time, and will ever be done in forwarding the kingdom of God, is the greater work that Christ spoke about.

J. M. L.

Horncastle, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have much pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know I received the 'Bagster Bible' safe, and I must say I am well pleased with it, and it has more than paid me for my trouble. My sister thinks she would like to have one like it, and she is going to try, but she will have to go quite a distance from home, for nearly every family near us are reading the 'Messenger.' My mamma says the Bible won't profit me any if I do not have the desire which comes from the Lord to read and study it. I wish you every success with all that is true and noble and right, and many thanks for the Bible.

We have been taking the 'Messenger' about four years, and as we only have service every two weeks at our church, we would miss the 'Messenger,' and would not like to do without it. My father is a farmer. I have four sisters and three brothers. We go to the Methodist church, our minister being Mr. Wickett. We live in the Township of Carden, and it is a good grazing country. Cattle and sheep are raised and sold in this township. Horses and cattle are in great demand. I will be twelve years old on the 6th of June.

J. N. T.

South Stukely.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from South Stukely, I thought I would write one. My papa and mamma moved from Waterloo to Stukely thirteen years ago, and when papa bought his farm there was not a bit of land cleared; but now it is nearly all cleared. I go to school, also two of my sisters and my little brother. One of my sisters and I are in the fifth grade, and the other one is in the third grade. We leave one little sister at home, who is three years old. This makes the fourth year we have taken the 'Messenger' and my papa takes the 'Weekly Witness.' We go to church and Sunday-school through the summer-time, but it is too far for us to go in winter in the cold. There have been lots of bush fires here this spring. One of our neighbors started fires near our house a little while ago, and the wind changed suddenly and blew the fire and smoke towards our buildings. We had to stay up nearly all night to fight the fire to keep it from burning everything up. We do not live very far from Orford Mountain. People go there quite often for picnics. We were all up there to a picnic once, but we did not climb the mountain, because they thought we were too small. We go right close to the end of Orford going to Magog. I have been out to Magog twice. I like the stories in the 'Messenger' very well, but I like the Correspondence best. The new story just started is very nice. I am going to save all the papers and tack them together in the form of a book.

BESSIE MAY D. (age 12).

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HOUSEHOLD.

Women's Clubs and Women's Missionary Societies.

One of the questions discussed at the semi-annual meeting was, 'What can we learn from women's clubs as to the conduct of our missionary societies?' The following items were reported from members of different clubs present: 'Every lady is expected to serve on committees, and is herself responsible for the welfare of the club.' 'Every lady is expected to attend the meetings. If she is not present at a certain number of them she loses her membership.' 'The subjects for all the meetings are arranged beforehand for the season, writers of papers are appointed and usually spend from six to ten weeks in their preparation. They are required to be thoroughly informed on all connected with the subject. 'We have no trouble in securing members; at present there are forty-seven on the waiting list for twenty-three places.' A missionary present asked, 'What is the membership fee in women's clubs?' Answers from all parts of the house: 'Three dollars;' 'Five dollars;' 'Ten dollars,' and so on,—none reported less than two dollars. 'And what is the membership in women's missionary societies?' Dead silence. Everyone seemed ashamed to speak first. An incident was related: A lady interested in missions visiting at a friend's house is told, 'We have decided to hold our auxiliary meetings only once in two months, instead of every month as we have been doing. People can't seem to find time to come every month, and we think it will be better to try to have really interesting meetings once in two months or once a quarter, and then people will take pains to come.' The visitor remained unconvinced, but silent. A few days later the secretary of a club, studying the history of the State in which they live, called, full of enthusiasm over the next meeting of the club. 'Finally she says: 'Really, Mrs. W., we all think we must have our meetings once in two weeks. We can't begin to get in all the interesting things we have to tell in monthly meetings.' 'I think you are right; we forget so much from one time to another when we have to wait for four weeks.' More conversation of the same purport, followed by a question from the visitor: 'Are these the same ladies who think they cannot have an interesting missionary meeting more than once in two months?' 'Why,—yes,—I believe they are very much the same.' A change in the subject of the conversation.—'Life and Light.'

Ellen's Views.

'I don't see why Miss Mary had to have this white waist done up to-day, instead of waitin' for the regular wash day; it makes so much extra work,' said Ellen, looking up from the ironing board to wipe her flushed face. 'Dear knows she has enough of 'em!'

'But she happens to like that one best, and she is going to read a paper before her club on "Ameliorating the condition of the working classes,"' giggled saucy Jane. 'I heard her say it was the question of the hour.'

'It's the question of a good many hours in this kitchen,' retorted Ellen. 'She could 'meliorate a lot for me if she'd only be a little more careful about flingin' things into the wash. Last week I spent two solid hours in doin' up one of her fancy waists, and she'd no more than got it on when she concluded to help Mr. Bob water the lawn. She got one of the sleeves sprinkled—just one sleeve, that could have been pressed out in two or three minutes, mind you. But she never thought of that; she just bundled it into the wash, where I'll have it to do over again. I tell you the quickest way to 'meliorate the condition of workin' classes is for folks to be a little considerate of the ones that's workin' for them.'—'Forward.'

Selected Recipes

Hubbard Squash.—The best way to cook Hubbard squash is to cut it in half, take out the seeds, and bake in a medium oven for an hour, or more if not done. Remove the browned skin that will form on top, and put the squash through a fruit press, and season with salt, pepper, butter and a little cream.

Date Muffins.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until light. Add one cupful of milk. Sift together one and a half cupfuls of entire wheat flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt. Add the milk and eggs and a tablespoonful of melted butter, and give the batter a good beating. Now add half a cup of dates chopped coarsely, and floured, and last of all add the stiffly beaten whites. Mix. Fill gem pans two-thirds full and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government, such patents being secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

79,716, Paul L. T. Héroult, La Praz (Savoy), France, electric furance; 80,059, Leonard E. Cowey, London, Eng., weighing apparatus; 80,411, James Crabtree, Birkenhead, Eng., improvements in or connected with refrigerating chambers; 80,619, L. C. H. Charrier, Vendome (Loir-et-Cher), France, wood-carving machine; 80,624, Alf. Geo. Floyed, Gladstone, Tasmania, Australia, apparatus for playing games adapted to cultivate the observation and memory; 80,680, Christian Esser, Wiener, Austria, method and apparatus for the production of half stuff from peat turf; 81,086, J. H. & W. C. Quiggin, Liverpool, Eng., table tennis nets; 81,219, Hermann Classen, Dormagen, Prussia, Germany, separating sugar from syrup, molasses, etc.

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